

CUTICURA HEALS ECZEMA ON BABY

Spread Covering Body. Awful Disfigurement. Itched and Burned. Had to Scratch.

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Bodyguard for Ukraine

Amidst the killing and wounded in the riot at Moscow were many of the men who had been sent to Russia by the British government to help the Bolsheviks. A large proportion of Bolsheviks, a large number of whom are former members of cavalry, armed Red Guards and Bolsheviks, who are former political prisoners, arrived at midday at Theatral Square, Moscow, where the spectators had assembled for the celebration of the anniversary of the revolution. The Bolsheviks, who were armed with revolvers, shot were fired. There was a panic, with much confusion and disorder. The British bodyguards and Red Guards, who were armed with rifles, stood by and affirmed that no one fired again. From the windows of three hotels, the first victims were three.

Machete guns were turned on the British bodyguards.

A member of the British delegation, Ensign Krylenko, the Bolshevik commander-in-chief, as having been killed.

"There is no help for us except to fight," he said. "We are thinking about our revolution. When they picked up their carbines and thought that they could be used, we were the first American officer, then a captain, who told them that they could not be used.

They then asked about money. They were willing to pay for fight. They were given a lot of money, but were not used to them. But we shall not be beaten. We shall not be beaten. The allied imperialists may celebrate the victory of the revolution. We shall fight for the revolution.

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Backbreaking, unsanitary, inefficient cleaning methods become but unpleasant memories in homes where an Electric Vacuum Cleaner has come to stay.

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See reliable Vacuum Cleaners at local electrical dealers, or

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12 noon a below

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1918.

One Good Move.

Mr. Hanna has decided to suspend his course of lectures on the subject of food. This is quite understandable, and is to be commended, since his appointment opens the way for the selection of some one who will control the food supply in the interests of the public and the interests of

the country.

Excusing the Non-Owner.

The single tax system is a penalty on the owner of land. Its purpose is not simply to raise revenue for the city treasury, but also to penalize the non-owner.

The original purpose of taxation ought to be to raise the revenue needed for civic purposes.

If a penalty is desirable to

discourage the non-owner,

then a tax on the

non-owner should be imposed.

It is a good idea, and has

been adopted by the

Government.

Collecting the Spoils.

There is a touch of grim humor in the Petrograd despatch announcing that the German delegates at the Riga Conference, the Bolsheviks, are representing

by demanding a slice of fertile

Asian territory nearly as large

as the German Empire; with the

assumption that it is not in hand

yet. The original purpose of

taxation ought to be to raise the

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The Russian Debacle.

The Berlin-Sheviki Government has abolished the Russian Parliament, the Parliament recently elected, was the one factor in the Russian revolution which seemed to have no power to have an effect on the war.

The original purpose of

taxation ought to be to raise the

revenue needed for civic purposes.

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non-owner should be imposed.

It is a good idea, and has

been adopted by the

Government.

With you, the people of

the world, the

Government.

CHURCH EXEMPTION.

From Vancouver Province.

Change, but not taxed in Edmonton.

Last week the subject

of taxation was the

issue in the consideration of taxation

of the church.

It is the opinion of the

Government that the

Government is not making its

promise of exemption good.

Homeless men, who have

no place to go, are

not being taxed.

Whence comes the

exemption?

Whence comes the

NEXT WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS

Plays and Photoplays in Edmonton

WHAT PRESS AGENTS SAY

"PARENTAGE" BEAUTIFUL
STORY WELL TOLD IN FILM
COMING TO MONARCH THEATRE

Unique Idea Adapted For Motion Picture Purposes by Robert Henley
 —An Inspiration and a Reason—"Rebecca"

Return for Two Days.

By popular demand, "Rebecca" of "Sunnybrook Farm," the immortal story of girl life which was filmed especially for Mary Pickford, will be presented the first two days next week at the Monarch Theatre. Although "Rebecca" was presented for an entire week at the Princess Theatre, there were many local film patrons who did not see it. The Monarch management, these persons that Manager Aiken arranged for a repetition for two days only to find that the audience was so large the young Aircraft star had over appeared.

"Parentage," a big special production, will be presented at the Monarch the last half of next week. It is the result of a big idea which came to H. H. H. H. about two years ago. When he was doing his work, he found that there were so many characters, who did not fit in with the story, that he decided naturally for the various types he wished portrayed, to have a unique list of characters, who seem to be peculiar to the story.

For three months he worked on the story, and when he was finished, he has given superb proof of the need of such a special production as he has presented. "Parentage" is a wonderful story, and presents more than any other picture ever presented, than any other thought fitting true, than any other thought fitting true.

He believed that a picture, showing the life of a girl, should be a picture for children, offering a tremendous scope for photoplaying, and that pictures for persons of all ages could prove an artistic as well as a financial success.

He has had a great deal of trouble in finding a producer, but this was the producer that he wanted. He has been striving for, and there are no thrilling scenes in the picture, and he believed that eventually the day would come when he would have an opportunity.

"Parentage" is a beautiful human story, beautifully told.

"THE WARRIOR"
IS SOMETHING
DIFFERENT

Maciste, Fairbanks' Rival, Ap-
 pears in the Leading Role —
 Wonderful Portrayal

Everybody is always asking for something new, fresh, original, and "The Warrior," which comes to the Empire theatre the first three days of next week, is just that. The production which is entirely different from any other picture ever made, there is something new in every scene. Maciste, the Italian, who has given a wonderful portraiture, and one that will not soon be forgotten, by any one who has seen it, is the star. The picture is thrilling, exciting, intensely interesting, and the scenes are so well and to the point that one is led to wish to miss a picture that will "take" about for months after it is shown.

The theme, dealing with the present war, is a life, often tragic and capturing, saving to the production that it is a picture that will be talked about at the present time, and the scenes in it are often so exciting, exciting, that it is hard to believe that anything that has been shown on the screen before.

The "Warrior" is a picture that is sure to be a success, "Watch Your Step," coming to the Empire theatre to r three nights starting Monday, Feb. 4th. Matinee Wednesday.

GREAT ARRAY
PRETTY GOWNS
FOR FOX STAR

Jewel Carmen in "A Tale of Two Cities" Stickler For Genu-
 ine Detail

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Miss Edith Powers in the greatest of all cartoon musical comedies at the Empire theatre three nights, starting Monday, January 28th. Matinee Wednesday.



Attractive group of pretty young women to be seen with Irving Berlin's musical success, "Watch Your Step," coming to the Empire theatre to r three nights starting Monday, Feb. 4th. Matinee Wednesday.

"A TALE OF TWO CITIES"
PHOTOPLAY VERSION OF
DICKENS STORY IN FILMS

William Fox Presents William Farnum at Majestic Theatre First Four Days Next Week—Public School Teachers to be Manager Itawire's Guests

Manager Itawire, of the Majestic theatre announces that "A Tale of Two Cities," the dramatization of the Charles Dickens novel of the same name will be presented on the Majestic stage in the photo-play version next week with William Farnum in the principal roles, the dual parts of Sydney Carton and Charles Darnay. He will be remembered by hundreds of thousands of people as the representative of this famous class, will be an excellent company consisting of Charles Mayall, Rosita Marstini, Josephine Mayall, Charles Lewis and William Clifford. The director was Director Frank Lloyd.

A wedding gown. This is the piece of clothing that is the most popular, pale blue, brocade with satin and black velvet ribbon and rhinestones, and about the bottom runs a tiny strip of lace. It is a "tuck-up" dress, secured with little white lace, trim, topped with black velvet. Black velvet has surprised many a bride with its grace and gray silk handbag, and gray silk cloak.

"I call this my London gown," says Miss Carmen. "This is made in Miss Carmen's favorite color, pale lavender, and lined with pink satin.

Trimmed are the shoulders, waist and hem with lace, lace, trim, topped with black velvet.

A wedding gown. This is of black satin, with a black cape, black satin and black lace, lace, trim, topped with velvet ribbons.

Wistaria dress. Empire style with a wide lace belt, lace, trim, topped with velvet ribbons.

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MAJESTY

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY

A Tale of Two Cities

with **WILLIAM FARNUM**

And a Fine Fox Company, Including Jewel Carmen



THE IMMORTAL CHARLES DICKENS STORY BROUGHT TO LIFE IN SEVEN REELS

PRICES

EVENINGS
Adults 25c; Children 10c.MATINEES
Adults 15c; Children 5c.

PLAYING TIME

Two hours, from 1 p.m.,
3, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30.

Also "CURRENT EVENTS"

AND

AN AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA WITH PIPE ORGAN

FRIDAY
AND
SATURDAY

GLADYS BROCKWELL in
"TO HONOR AND OBEY"

EMPRESS

PIPE ORGAN CONCERT ORCHESTRA

MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY

MACISTE

One of the World's most
gigantic men in "The War-
rior."

WHAT NEW YORK CRITICS SAY

"He out-Fairbanks Fairbanks"—N.Y. Times.

To miss "The Warrior" is to miss a real film talkie for work's sake. The Bill-board.

"The Warrior" is the best film Broadway has seen.—The World.

Dramatic Fairbanks would do well to have a peep at "The Warrior" and then go back to the tripod—Moving Picture World.

THE MAN WITH AN UPPER
ARM THE SIZE OF ALMOST
ANYONE ELSE'S WAIST—
SEEK AN THICK AS ANOTHER
LIP THICK.

IN THE WARRIOR

A Drama Running Over with Laughter, Thrills, Cheers
and Heart Throbs.DIRECT FROM FOUR WEEKS' CAPACITY BUSINESS
AT THE CRITERION THEATRE, NEW YORK

EMPIRE---MON. TUES. & WED.

MATINEE WEDNESDAY 2:30

Popular Prices Nights—50c, 75c, \$1.00.

Matinees—50c, 75c—Children 25c.

2½ HOURS OF
PRETTY GIRLS
NOVEL SURPRISES
MORE FUN
THAN 3 RING CIRCUS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FUN SHOW

KATZENLAMMER

HANS AND FRITZ KIDS.

A BIG HAPPY SNAPPY MUSICAL COMEDY
A GREAT BIG GIRL SHOW

BY THE FAMOUS KATZENLAMMER BROTHERS

GINSBURG THEATRE

CHANCELLOR DISAGREES WITH ENTENTE WAR DEMANDS IN ALL OF THE ESSENTIAL CONDITIONS

Will Not Yield Alsace-Lorraine, Give Up Poland, Nor Agree to Withdraw from and Restore Belgium—Hints That Northern France Now Occupied Will Also Be Held—Germany Wants Britain to Give up Fortresses on International Sailing Routes.

London, Jan. 25.—Count von Herdtling, the German Chancellor, has agreed with certain foreign news papers when they asserted in recent issues that Prussia's demands are showing an earnest desire for peace and that the German Government, according to a central German dispatch, will not yield Alsace-Lorraine, even before the main committee of the Reichstag yesterday. The chancellor, however, has not yet agreed in the tone of the British premier's speech that the Entente has agreed certain principles which could be accepted by Germany, he said, but the tone of the speech was clear.

The chancellor demanded that the leaders of the nations at war be called to a conference to discuss the question of a league of peace.

The chancellor demanded that the leaders of the nations at war be called to a conference to discuss the question of a league of peace.

The chancellor demanded that Germany not wish annexations by violence, but that the question of Northern France be left to the裁判 of the League of Nations.

The chancellor declared that Germany did not wish to annihilate France, but that the Entente should not interfere with the chancery's declaration, the premier said.

The chancellor declared that Germany did not wish annexations by violence, but that the question of Northern France be left to the裁判 of the League of Nations.

London, Jan. 24.—Count von Herdtling, the Imperial chancellor, in his address before the members of the Reichstag yesterday said that the question of the limitation of armament was quite a difficult one. The chancellor added that the financial position of the war would probably operate most seriously.

Count von Herdtling contended that Alsace-Lorraine was almost purely German territory, which had been seized by France in 1870.

When Germany in 1870 claimed the right to Alsace-Lorraine as part of its own territory, it was not the conqueror of the country, the chancellor declared, "but was the conqueror of the people."

There is no difference between Germany and Alsace-Lorraine, the freedom of the seas, Count von Herdtling said.

Commenting on the fourteen points of the program of world peace set forth by President Wilson, after his address to congress, the chancellor said an agreement with the United States on the first four points

is "difficult."

Regarding the question of Alsace-Lorraine, the chancellor said some difficulties would be met.

Germany never demanded the incorporation of French territory by violence.

RHEUMATISM GOES IF HOOD'S IS USED

The genuine, old reliable Hood's Sarsaparilla corrects the acid condition of the body, and cures the whole system. It drives out rheumatism because it cures the blood.

It has been used for forty years in many thousands of cases.

There is no better remedy for skin troubles, rheumatism, and appendicitis, rheumatism, stomach and intestinal troubles, general debility and all diseases of the blood.

It is a sure remedy for all diseases.

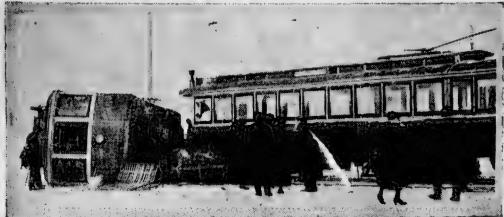
Use Hood's Sarsaparilla to cure your health.

It is a sure remedy for all diseases.

It is a sure remedy for all diseases.</

Bulletin's Pictorial Review of Events of the Week

SERIOUS STREET CAR ACCIDENT AT WINNIPEG.



Twenty-five people were injured, some seriously, when two cars collided on the Winnipeg Street Railway. Evidence was given that the motorman was coaling his stove while the car was in motion.

AN EVERYDAY OCCURRENCE ON THE FLANDERS BATTLEFIELDS.



An idea of the difficulties under which the Allied armies are fighting in Flanders may be had from this photograph, showing British soldiers trying to drag a horse from a mud-hole. The animal has sunk deeply in the mire of the most impassable roads, the result of heavy rains, traffic and bursting shells.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT WASHINGTON



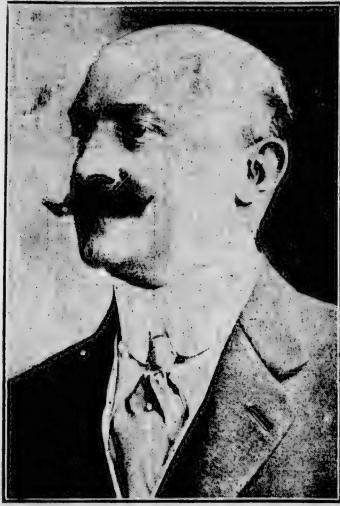
The Duke of Devonshire leaving the British Embassy for a conference with President Wilson. Left to right: Col. Holteley, military aide to President Wilson; Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British Ambassador; Capt. Buckley Johnson, military aide to the Duke of Devonshire; the Duke of Devonshire; Capt. Biddle, of the Duke's staff; Mr. Long, third Assistant Secretary of State; Col. Henderson, military secretary to the Duke.

YOUTHFUL HEADS OF THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY



Sir Edric Geddes, First Lord; Rear Admiral Leonel Halsey, Second Sea Lord; Admiral Sir Ross Weymuss, First Sea Lord.

FRENCH EX-PREMIER ARRESTED.



Former-Premier Clemenceau, under suspicion of treasonable intrigue with Germany.

CANADIAN WEDDING IN LONDON



Major C. MacLean, of Quebec, and his bride, Miss Doris Aldous, of Winnipeg, granddaughter of the late Sir Henry Bate, after their wedding at St. James church, Piccadilly.

YARMOUTH SHELLED



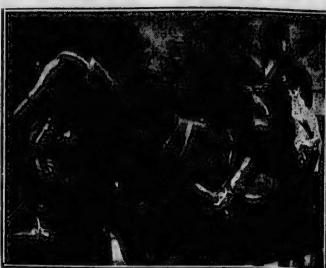
ENGLISH COAST SHOWING YARMOUTH, WHICH WAS RECENTLY BOMBARDIED BY THE GERMANS.

WILFRED CABANA



The strong man of the Montreal police force. He will try to wrest the weight-lifting championship from Hector Decario at an international contest to be held in Montreal shortly.

KNITS DURING HORSE SHOW WAITS



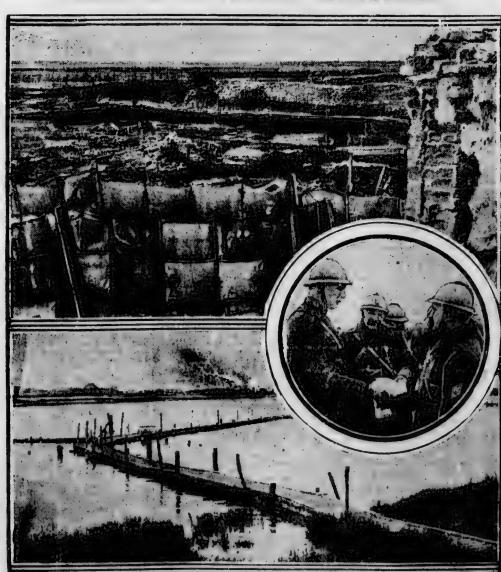
Miss Corinne Poth, of New York, on "Dodo," knitting for the soldiers while appearing at the National Horse Show. Scores of pairs of socks were knitted by society women-spectators during the progress of the show.

AUSTRALIANS REHEARSING A BATTLE



A wonderful model of Messines Ridge covering over an acre of ground and true in every detail, showing the winding road, the German trenches, and even the stumps of splintered trees where the enemy might lurk, was studied by the officers and men of the Australian contingent before they went into battle. The photo shows the men gathered around the model studying its details.

IMAGINE FIGHTING OVER SUCH FLANDERS FIELDS



Above is shown an advanced position in Belgium. Below is a gangway over the flooded area, with the village of Ramscappelle in the background, twice recaptured by the Belgians and still held by them. In the circle, King Albert is decorating officers.

PAGE OF INTEREST TO BOYS AND GIRLS

THE WITCH

It was a cold, cold day. It was bitter cold, a cold enough day to be afraid of. Every footstep made a noise. Footsteps and horses' steps. Footsteps and boots' footstep. But the steps of the Witch were silent. She stopped and looked over her shoulder with frightened eyes. She stopped and looked again. It looked as if the person who had made it in the heavy snow had walked away. The Witch was afraid. Children do. Gracey stopped then and she was silent.

She ran and ran until she reached her home, which was not far. She dashed in and sat down by the fire.

"Charlie!" she panted. "The Witch is here!"

Charlie, Gracey's brother, was young, but he was a brave boy, and boys always pretend to be braver than girls.

"I wouldn't run away from track," he said. "I would stand and look at the Witch."

"I would stand and look at the Witch, with a bright sparkle in her eye. If you're brave, you go on. I'll stay here."

Yes, the Witch was a little brown dog, who had a taste for wandering. She had been caught in a rabbit trap, that was why she had a limp. She had been away for a long time. It had stayed away too long. It was Gracey's turn to get home.

The Witch had come to the house just almost opposite some woods and Boots' house.

Some boys in the neighborhood had crept deep, deep in the woods, and had seen the Witch. It was a real Witch house, they said. And the snow was deep, deep in the chimney!

"You go and find old Boots—so you're so brave!" said Gracey to her brother.

"It's not my turn, Gracey," said Charlie, "but, of course, if it's your turn, you go. You'll take my hickory stick."

"I would stand and look at the Witch. I'll run away, but I can fight her with my hickory stick, and somehow she has no magic. She can put a witch on you."

"I would stand and look at the Witch, like that!" Charlie replied.

Maybe she was. Anyway, Gracey blushed and laughed and said she was not afraid.

Well, the two of them sat, and kept silent, and Charlie began whistling for Boots.

"The Witch is getting more and more worthless and wicked every day," he complained. "I'll just discharge that."

"Now, you know this is the first time I've told you about the Witch," said Gracey. "Of course, if you're afraid of the Witch, Boots will be real

scared to have along."

"I won't think about the Witch!" replied Charlie.

"I'm not afraid," he said a tense afraid. His eyes shrank like bright berries in the snow. "The snow isn't true."

Gracey stopped and took a long, draggy step along the path.

Gracey squirmed his jaw in a way he had, which his mother said reminded her of his father.

"I'm not afraid of tracks!" he said in a firm voice.

Gracey wanted to go back, but she was afraid to. She would not leave Charlie, she tried to tell him, so he crept back a little further to the bend of the path, and called out, "I'm not afraid of tracks! I'm not afraid and hold his hickory stick tight and hard."

Well, just as they reached the curve in the path, and were a few steps from the bend, Charlie stopped.

They stopped, their little hearts beating fast.

"Oh, oh!" whispered Gracey. "Let's run up and peep."

They crept up and peeped.

They crept around the curve and peeped.



The Bulletin Magazine

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1918.

FICTION MAGAZINE



When, between acts, she spoke, her words were all fire.

"Isn't Gasleigh great?" she asked.

"Gasleigh! Gasleigh! The writer; yes, he has a gift," conceded Jimmy.

"A gift," she repeated, then, a little sadly, "Oh, Jimmy!"

Her tone, for some reason, made Jimmy feel very uncomfortable, and then angry. He was savagely glad when the play ended and he and Adriane were outside in the lobby. To add to his distaste of things in general he found a steady, dreary downpour of rain when he went to search for a taxi. The street was full of bawling drivers. A general state of pandemonia reigned. Jimmy spoke to a uniformed man, but that person shook a worried head.

"Something gone wrong; always does when sudden rain like this comes. You'll have to wait."

Jimmy returned hurriedly to Adriane. She was standing hidden in the shadow of a huge pillar where he had left her, but she was not alone. A man stood near her, and she was looking at him in admiration.

With a little air of proprietorship Jimmy approached Adriane, but before he could speak Adriane brightly introduced him to the man, Harding Derek.

Jimmy bowed and spoke at once to Adriane:

"Afraid we'll have to wait. This sudden rain seems to have upset the system."

"Is it a taxicab you want?" Harding Derek spoke quickly. "I'll find you one; wait here." It was the tone of command, and even Jimmy was not surprised when Derek reappeared in a few moments and announced his success.

"Thank you," said Jimmy as graciously as he could, and thought the man would go. But instead, with seemingly no conception of the ethics of the situation, Derek said:

"Mind going for a bite with me? I'd like to talk."

Adriane brightened, as though some honor had been conferred upon her.

"Oh, yes; let's!" she cried, and Jimmy perforce found himself shortly in the taxi sitting beside Adriane, it's true, but realizing that all her thoughts and attentions were centered on Harding Derek.

In short time they were seated at a small table in a dimly lit restaurant—a poor place; the last place in the world Jimmy would have chosen for a setting for Adriane, and in grinding misery he listened to Derek talking to Adriane quite as though Jimmy did not exist.

* * *

THE man was a fanatic, a dangerous fanatic, Jimmy decided. Self-centered, undoubtedly, since he had eyes that in their dark and deep misery seemed only for introspection. A man of power, perhaps, certainly of intellect, but both power and intellect perverted.

Then suddenly he turned to Jimmy, as though just awakening to his presence, and flashed a smile at the younger man. The smile which lit his face had a high sort of beauty and stirred Jimmy out of himself. It was a flame so warm, so full of a deep, sympathetic insight that Jim-

my had a moment of awe, as though after all he had come upon a personality rare and vivid; set apart.

"I'm glad you took Adriane to see 'Another's Cloak,'" he said. "It's the great play of the year."

"Jimmy doesn't think so," said Adriane mischievously. "He believes woman's place is in the home."

tro. In a burst of emotion whose name he did not recognize he forgot the rare and compelling beauty of Derek's face. Jimmy was simply madly in love with Adriane; he wanted her for himself. He wanted her to fit his ideal. So he asked:

"Why should you run about with that man?"

Now Adriane turned flashing eyes upon him.

"What do you mean?" she cried out.

He should have been warned, but in-

me again. Why, do you know what among other fine things he's doing?"

"No." Jimmy flung out the word.

"He's helping support my children!" she cried. And when Jimmy, stricken dumb, could not speak, she went on:

"He doesn't even particularly like the children, either," she told him. "He says they're dark and ugly looking, but whenever I tell him that my income won't quite stretch over another pair of boots for Bobby, why Harding digs down into his pocket and gives me \$5, and perhaps

he doesn't know where his next meal is coming from! He just gives himself to those who need him—the poor, the oppressed—and works sometimes night after night writing poorly paid editorials for radical pa-

pera."

She was almost in tears

now. And for Jimmy's

rival! Jimmy groaned.

Of all the conditions he

had ever found himself in,

this was the most complica-

ted.

The taxi stopped and

they alighted before Adriane's home.

Without rancor she put out her

hand to him and said:

"Well, good night,

Jimmy. Thank you for

an awfully good time!"

He felt as he left her that she believed him not strong enough nor fine enough to remain angry with. He felt that he had been a preening idiot to think that she could ever care for him.

And yet Adriane did love Jimmy. Strange, she musingly thought, how the reckless heart of woman settles itself on one whom the head often does not approve. However, she did not intend to allow her love to rule her nor to direct her life. Jimmy, trying as she quite well knew, to reform her, make her over according to his pattern, would have to pass out of her life if he persisted in his tactics.

Jimmy continued to love Adriane, although she was not a womanly woman as he knew a womanly woman; still with all his soul he desired her with a passion that tore at him every waking hour. Yet with a twentieth century caution (though he wanted an eighteenth century girl) he meant to tear the love from his heart if she continued in her headstrong way.

So they looked, but could not stay away from one another. Hence it came about that Adriane invited Jimmy the night to meet her at Arrow Hall, to hear some speakers. Arrow Hall, Jimmy knew, was situated in the darkest, dingiest spot on the West Side.

But he accepted the invitation. She refused, however, to let him escort her to the loathsome place, but promised to "see" him there at 8 o'clock on the appointed evening.

At 9 o'clock on a Friday evening, then, Jimmy entered Arrow Hall, and nearly choked not only at the thick smoke that was rising on all sides, but from the moral atmosphere itself, which Jimmy thought wasn't moral at all.

He stood a moment in the doorway watching the "motley crew," as he privately designated the mixed crowd, was accosted by a young woman in a long blue smock, who took her cigarette from between her lips long enough to tell him that the admission price was a quarter.

Jimmy paid the quarter and stood

A man stood near her and she was looking at him in admiration.

"So do I," said Derek quietly, "while she's content to stay there."

"I think," said Jimmy, looking at the moment very young and pale, "that history shows woman is made to be the conservator, the tender at the fireside. For such fine services she should be protected, cared for—"

"And blinded," finished Derek. "But not so, my ardent young friend. Woman will sweep the world with her energies ere long. Here is Adriane, with her fine, trained mind. Would you push her into the little place your visions build for her?"

Jimmy could not answer. He felt it would be sacrilege to tell this man of the glories he would heap at Adriane's feet did she belong to him.

"Ah, well," said Derek suddenly, as though weary; "take Adriane home. We must trust to life and strife to teach their lessons."

Returning to Adriane's home, driving now through a clear night, Jimmy failed in his conscientious efforts at self-con-

cealment he plunged ahead: "Just this: I don't want you to see any more of Harding Derek. I don't consider him a safe associate for you."

"Not safe! Not safe!" She paused and seemed togulp. "Why, he's the greatest man I know." And then she said it in another way: "Of all the men I know, he's the greatest!"

He felt a terrible sinking sensation, but he was game.

"That's because he's hypnotized you with false philosophies," he cried. He drew a trifle nearer to her. "Adriane, believe me, from what I can gain of his theories he would lead anyone, man or woman, to perdition!"

* * *

IT WAS pretty strong, that, he knew, but then he was guarded by the burning sting of jealousy. Perhaps Adriane realized this, for she swallowed a harsh returning sentence and then spoke quietly enough:

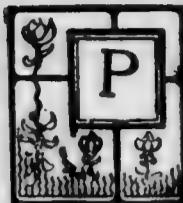
"Don't ever speak against Harding to



THE MILLS OF MISTAKE

By Arthur James Hayes

Illustrated by J. Allen St. John



OLICE CAPTAIN MIKE McCARTHERY owned a feeling of great satisfaction. His Christmas dinner had been eaten at home and he had walked back to the station, a circumstance which, as his girth attested, proved the exceeding proximity of his residence. He had been transferred there from "the woods," where a preceding political regime had seen fit to banish him.

Things were well in the Thirtieth district. He sat back in his private office and puffed at a corncob cigar that diffused the aroma of real Havana. A short, bull-necked young chap in a checked suit sauntered in. The captain squinted at him, then grinned broadly.

"Lo, Larry!" he exclaimed. "When I get back!"

"Came home t' eat with my mother," he explained. "Th' ol' woman ud raise Cain if I didn't get home for Christmas."

"It'll be your own home next year," prophesied the captain jovially. "And the Lonergan girl sure is a pippin, too. If I didn't have Kate and the kids I'd be after chasin' you blind over in that territory."

Larry McGraw, plain clothes man par excellence and recently promoted to the central office, grinned back.

"Yes y'would, you fat old stiff," he bantered. "If you didn't have the finest wife on earth I guess old Mme. Fritzie would be your one outstanding matrimonial possibility."

The captain chuckled delightedly and then, after the fashion of old friends, they smoked on for a time in silence. The captain shifted his cigar to the other corner of his mouth with much violent facial contortion.

"Heard you were up the river last week, Larry," he remarked.

"Yeh," said Larry. "Took up one of the Ferguson gang for a good stiff stretch on that Primrose Lane knifin'."

"D'ja see anythin' interestin' up there, Larry?"

"Saw Bill go out," said Larry quietly.

"Th' tell you did!" exclaimed the captain. "Well, Well! Allus thought I'd kinda like to see the chair workin' somethin'."

"No, you don't," Larry spoke very crisply, and his round-shaven neck, visible about the fold collar, seemed to quiver slightly. "Yuh never wanna see it, Mike," he warned. "It ain't no place fer a chicken-hearted fellow or a guy with imagination."

"Chicken-hearted!" roared the captain indignantly. "Say, you young devil, I was chasin' river pirates when your mother was tellin' about your first tooth!"

"Aw, I don't mean that way, cap," objected the detective. "I mean soft-hearted, y'understand. Sorry for the under dog. You know. You've promoted all the benefit stunts for sick firemen and suspended cops for the last ten years. Well, a fellow that'll take the trouble to do that ain't goin' to enjoy seein' a poor devil strapped in that chair and shot full o' juice."

THE captain smoked along without replying. Then suddenly:

"How'd Bill behave, Larry?"

"Rotten!" said Larry indignantly.

"Thought his nerve would be good. He sure stood a hell of a sweatin' before he caved. And then right the next mornin' he renegged on it an' swore he was too dazed to know what he was doin' when he said 'Yes.'"

"Sweatin' ain't dyin', Mike. If you're ever fool enough to go up the river when some poor devil is kickin' off you'll realize that, all right. I thought Bill Kennon had all the crust in the world. I guess it

Bill died ungracefully. McGraw, who worked on the case, was ashamed of him. A tale of the death chair, with a smashing climax

was sorta the date of the thing that upset him.

"Three days before Christmas," muttered the captain. "Seems like a hell of a time to electrocute a fellow, eh?"

"Sure does. And that wasn't all, you know. It was the girl's birthday, and way early last spring—just before he croaked old Camberley—they figured on gettin' hooked up on her birthday and spendin' Christmas with her folks up in Buffalo."

"Tough on the girl," assented McCafferty. "Did you—did she—show up around the pen at all?"

"Yep," responded McGraw. "Seems she'd been to see the governor half a dozen times a day till they just got sick o' throwin' her out. Then she tried the warden. It was pretty rocky, Mike. She was a little girl, you know, with awful big eyes and a sorta pleadin' look in 'em. Like you see in a dog's eyes when you're goin' to chuck him over the rail with a rock around his neck."

* * *

I DON'T think she had much money, either. She was sort of crazy toward the last, I guess. She fetched in a couple of double eagles and offered 'em to the warden if he'd only give Bill a little laudanum or something so he'd be unconscious and wouldn't know what was goin' on. I was in his office when she fetched 'em, the old man knowin' I had swung the case.

"Her face was pretty white and her skin had that queer pearl color that makes you think you can look right through it. I guess it got that way from cuttin' out breakfast and dinner so she could save enough money to bribe the warden to make it easier for Bill."

"She's just a shop girl, ain't she?" asked the captain.

"Yep. Eight bucks a week, I guess. Anyhow, she'd saved \$40 and tried to give 'em to the warden. Queer thing about that, too, Mike. You'd think the old boy would get used to such things and not mind 'em at all. But when he told the girl he couldn't do nothin' like that there was tears in his eyes."

"Guess it ain't so queer, Larry. Seems like it musta been sorta pitiful. She was a pretty girl, Larry."

"She sure was. Just like one of these dames' heads you see on a magazine. And she sure was crazy about Bill."

"The warden told her that Bill could have a good stiff shot of whisky before-hand."

"Bill promised me when he gimme the ring," she says, "that he wouldn't drink. But you tell Bill for me I said it was all right, will you? Tell him Marie says it's all right!"

"It's funny, Mike, but I just couldn't see the damn room myself fer about five minutes. Then the warden came over and stood starin' out the window."

"I wish to Gawd I was president or gov'nor or somethin'," he says.

"Why? I asks him."

"I'd slip Bill a pardon," he says.

"Don't you think he croaked Camberley?" I asked.

"Dunno," he says. "I'pose he did. But it wouldn't be for Bill that I'd want it, McGraw. It 'ud be for her. I'll bet she ain't eaten a square meal since they sent him up here," he says.

"And I guess she hadn't, neither. Any-way, I don't want to be around when anythin' like that happens again. I felt pretty smart when the Journal an' the rest of the papers run my mug as the

leather ruggin' on his head and were strappin' down his ankles he said:

"Camberley gave 'em to me. He said it would help furnish the flat for the little girl an' me."

"He behaved bad, did he, Larry?"

"Rotten. Prayed an' yelled all night, and then with the priest right alongside of him and God Almighty just a few minutes away he swears to heaven that he didn't do it, an' said he hoped he'd roast in hell if he was lyin'."

"A man can do that," defended McCafferty. "Father Riley told me one time that a guy ain't got no moral duty to admit his guilt in public, whether he done it or not."

"Maybe not," assented McGraw doggedly, "but it seems like goin' out of your way a whole lot to hope you go to hell if you're lyin'!"

* * *

WELL, Larry, when a guy knows they're goin' to belt him in a chair an' shoot him full o' juice it ain't a hell of a lot to look forward to. He's seen it comin' for months, and I guess when a fellow lays awake nights waitin' for it and fearin' it and shrinkin' from the very thought of it, he's sorta lightheaded like when the time comes."

"He looked queer, Mike. They had to almost carry him down the corridor an' into the death chamber. His eyes were awful wide and just like glass. His lips were kinda blue, and when he licked 'em his tongue was so dry it made a little sound in the stillness, like sandpaper. The priest was sayin' prayers for the dyin', but poor Bill couldn't pray. He'd try to mumble the words after the chaplain, but in about a second he'd stop, and those glassy eyes 'ud go starin' hopeless-like around the little bunch."

"It sounds queer, Mike, but I felt that I was standin' there at a kinda curtain, behind Bill, and we was both lookin' through it into eternity, and Bill could see and I couldn't, but I was sorta gettin' a hunch what it was like from him. Then they fastened the electrodes or whatever you call 'em to his ankles. He stared down at the job like a curious kid, hardly seemin' to realize what it was all about.

"He looked awful young and helpless in that chair, Mike. I guess he was only 24 or 25. And I'll bet if all the people in the state, along with the court and state's attorney and governor, could have been standin' in that queer little room with the big chair and the dull green walls they wouldn't have felt so damn proud of croakin' off Bill Kennon, even if he done the trick."

"Maybe four or five of us fly-cops wouldn't be so proud neither, Larry. I wish they could have seen the girl, too."

"That's it, Mike," eagerly. "I wish to Gawd they'd of slanted her there at the door of the pen blue with the cold, with the tears glistenin' in her long lashes and that hopeless, frozen fear on her face. It was her birthday, Mike, and she just 20 years old. And she had on the dress that she was goin' to be married in. She'd made it herself, a long time ahead, because they'd been almost two years plannin' it, on account of bein' so poor."

"Women folks have strange ideas. She seemed to have a hunch that Bill was in there in the deathhouse, waitin' to die, would be a little glad that she wore the dress."

"She hadn't had enough to eat in a long time, Larry, and I don't suppose she slept any too good either. You can't blame the girl for havin' queer notions, Larry."

"Yuh sure can't! Say! A guy looks damn queer in those grave togs they put on him, Mike. They give him a white shirt without any collar and a black suit that looks a little like a head waiter's outfit and fits rotterner. And they cut a slit up each trouser leg, so they can get those copper and leather things around the ankles all right. There's blue light

moment, dismayed. It was Jean herself, who, overhearing Helen, and while she did not understand the meaning of the scene and its solemnity, sensed its bearing upon her engagement to Rex.

"If you are talking about Rex and I," she announced, "you may put your discussion off to some future date. Rex has decided that he does not want me under the considerations I imposed, and, womanlike, I have made up my mind he must have me." Here Rex would have stopped her by playfully putting his hand across her mouth, but she brushed it aside. "He absolutely refused to go ahead with his bargain, and that convinced me that he must," Jean continued. "In fact, I have rather made up my mind that since we talked out my side of the case, and it failed to convince Rex that I could not make him happy, perhaps he is right after all. Cousin Theodore, you will find me, when the time comes, a willing bride."

"And we won't keep you waiting long, for fear Jean finds some new objection to

the holy bonds of matrimony," Rex cried gayly as Jean, suddenly overcome by her new acceptance of the prospect of unexpected future happiness, nimbly disappeared down the path, he after her.

When the younger pair had gone Helen looked about her at the silent relatives who waited for her to speak. Dr. Hamilton, too, could not shut out the vision of little Jean and Rex, looking to the future with nothing of trouble nor fear of the world's consideration, because they had found the way to give their hearts without asking the why nor how of the mutual exchange.

The judge, however, was pitiless.

"They will not suffer for their old-fashioned ideas. It is you, Dr. Hamilton, and you, Helen, who will, however, know the truest happiness—the happiness which you have realized can come only to those who give each other without tying themselves with the bonds that marriage imposes."

Helen was not at all sure, though, that everything was as it should be, even with

this unexpected sanction of her family.

"In the eyes of God our marriage—" she began with a troubled pleading in her voice, when the judge, still master of the scene, stepped before her.

"The eyes of God are all you need take into account, Helen—that we have agreed to. I am sure it is in the eyes of God that Dr. Hamilton takes you to be his wife. Am I not right, doctor?"

Ernest tightened his arm about Helen's waist. He looked down upon her tenderly.

"In the eyes of God I do take Helen to be my wife—but—"

The judge stepped closer. He put his hand on Ernest's arm to stay his words. To Helen he said quickly, intensely, and so suddenly she was caught off her guard:

"And you, Helen—do you take him, too, in the eyes of God?"

Helen looked up at the man for whose sake she was willing to sacrifice herself that she might be true to her theories of the new woman.

"Indeed it is in the eyes of God that I

take Ernest to be my husband—but—"

Now the judge was triumphant. He stepped back, raised both his hands with the gesture of a benediction. There was a great relief, too, in his voice, as he veritably shouted:

"Then, since you, Ernest, and you, Helen, have made this solemn declaration before God and in the presence of witnesses, I, by the authority vested in me by the laws of this state, do now pronounce you man and wife. You are married by every law of state and nation!"

Dr. Hamilton and Helen both fell back, the former indignant at the trick that had been played upon them. But Helen, startled at first when she comprehended, was not indignant. There was the gladness of a wonderful content softening her eyes as she held out her arms for Ernest to take her back to his breast.

"We are tricked—but I am glad, Ernest," she said. "After all, the world is always right."

[The End]
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THIS WAY FOR THE LADIES

By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by F. McAnelly

Protection for the man Adriane loved! And Jimmy, acting on impulse, found out that which has been true for countless ages



MMY PATTERSON had read the phrase somewhere, "the soul of a bank clerk," and had resented the inference that a bank clerk's soul must be a solid and unflaming thing.

Jimmy himself worked in a bank as an assistant cashier, and while he believed pretty thoroughly in things as they are and held very definite ideas of human conduct, still he had his flashes. Like many young men of 23 he had dreams of making over the world into a more serviceable place. And he wasn't always so cock-sure about which man to envy—the millionaire, self-made, or the idealist, self-deluded.

But regarding the qualities he should require in a wife, Jimmy's mind never defaulted, since there was a path inexorably laid out for woman to follow. Personally, Jimmy's future wife was to represent his visionary picture of The Girl—exceedingly pretty, a trace of shyness apparent in her manner, charmingly innocent, a primrose that had been sheltered from every wind.

Up to the early spring of 1917 Jimmy had never seen any girl who filled the bill in every particular. And then one perfect night fate stepped in and introduced him to a girl, guest with him at a little porch party.

Her name was Adriane Gresham, and he liked its rhythm. He liked Adriane's quiet demureness, too; for while other girls talked and laughed she sat in a corner looking adorably pretty and thoughtful. He noticed that her hair was a burnished brown, and later he verified his suspicion that there were red glows in it. He rejoiced that her eyes were large and blue and set in a face that was quaintly egg-shaped. Altogether she might have sat for the picture of The Girl he cherished in his heart.

Only by sheer good management did he gain a few words with Adriane at the tail end of the evening, because there were others who liked burnished brown hair and little, pointed chins, but he found himself saying, just as Adriane was murmuring "Good night" to him and turning away:

"I'm coming to see you next week, Miss Gresham."

She wasn't surprised, nor did she elevate her brows. She said simply:

"I'm with my sister for the present," and gave him her address.

Jimmy thought of The Girl every moment of his waking hours, and dreamed of her every night till the following Wednesday. There had been girls before, but never the composite of all his

visions. Adriane was the perfect one. He liked her soft appeal. He felt all his strength rushing up to protect her.

But he was actually nervous when he went up her front steps the following Wednesday evening. The door opened quickly to his ring and a maid servant stood before him, appraising him. But just behind her gingham shoulder he saw Adriane.

She was halfway up a wide staircase, one hand on the smooth cherry rail, the other leading a sleepy little child. She had turned to see who the maid was admitting, and the child cuddled close to her side. Jimmy thought it a fitting and exquisite picture.

Adriane called down softly:

"Take Mr. Patterson into the library, Anna," and gave him a fleeting smile.

So Jimmy went into the library, a cheerful sort of meditative room, whose atmosphere got into him at once. Books, of course, were everywhere; books and lamps and bits of fine ware and one or two mellow brasses. He sank into an easy chair drawn up before a waning grate fire.

In about twenty minutes Adriane came down the stairs. She was calling back some soft, endearing words to little ears above, and when she entered the room where Jimmy waited her face was flushed and her eyes were soft and deep.

She wore a white serge dress with a rolling blue collar and a crepe tie. Her hair was combed straight back from her face and ended in a little knot at the nape of her neck.

* * *

JIMMY liked her simplicity; he had noted the night of the party that she wore no ruffles or ribbons, like the other girls. He had a feeling of awe that such a girl as this lived.

"My sister and her husband are at the theater," Adriane told him at once as she seated herself opposite him.

"I'm sorry not to have met them," he murmured, lying.

"You will later, of course," she said. Then: "I always enjoy putting the children to bed. There are two small boys, and we always have such romps."

He nodded, quite content to listen to her. When finally he did talk a bit she proved greatly interested, as though she believed he had something worth while to say. Altogether it was the most per-

fectly satisfactory evening Jimmy had ever spent, and when he was leaving, reluctantly, he asked if he might call again on the following Wednesday.

And Adriane said yes, she'd be very glad to see him, and he knew she meant what she said, so that he went home on wings.

Adriane told Jimmy one night, after they'd known one another a month, something of her girlhood home, a small town (he was glad she was a small town girl) where she had lived very happily till the death of her mother. Evidently she had read a great deal, because she told him she spent hours in the libraries; she also confided that she had held several positions. She had gone from one place to another, she admitted, and every chivalrous instinct was roused in Jimmy at this knowledge. Family misfortunes probably had sent her out into the cruel world. But evidently that period of stress and necessity was ended, and should Jimmy preserve his health, strength and manhood she would never again have to step outside woman's natural boundary, the home.

He hadn't spoken for so long while these thoughts were passing through his mind that Adriane stopped talking to gaze at him rather intently, and when he was recalled from his dreams he met the look squarely. An electric current passed between them, making the blood beat high in their veins.

Adriane went on a moment later in continuation of her little history.

"After mother died I came to the city and worked in a settlement-house for a time. I loved the children."

"And helped them a lot, I know," he said with surety.

"I think I did," she answered. "Two of them cried when I was leaving, so I took them home. They were orphans, and my stepmother objected a bit."

"Well, orphans are a bit risky, aren't they?"

She turned a little indignantly upon him.

"Orphans are human. At any rate they're all right now, because, you see, I adopted them!"

He stared his incredulity at her; he took in almost unconsciously the little, pointed face with the soft, childlike blue eyes.

"I've always wanted the sensation of motherhood without the usual other distracting interest," she went on in her sweet, intimate way; "and here was my chance. The children really are an education," she finished enthusiastically.

"Where did you say you kept them?" Jimmy finally managed to ask.

"My stepmother is looking after them during my absence," Adriane answered. "Of course I have a perfectly splendid nurse for them."

"It must cost a lot."

"Yes, the whole thing's quite expensive, naturally. But I never spend all my salary. I earn \$40 a week translating French medical books for the American Surgical Association."

SHERE was the girl with whom Jimmy was hopelessly in love. A blue stocking girl, an independent girl, earning nearly as much as he did, a girl who adopted children because she wanted the sensation of motherhood without the obnoxious presence of the male. Undoubtedly that was what she meant when she spoke of the "usual distracting interest."

Jimmy arrived home wrapped in a medley of emotion. He sat smoking far into the night. When dawn came he had reached his conclusion. Adriane had been left to her own resources too much and had simply got into mischief, like a precocious child. All his protective instincts rose hot to the surface. He would save Adriane, bring her back to the normal.

He began his work at once. When Adriane broached subjects that should by all rights be outside her ken Jimmy smiled in a sort of superior fashion and gently led her away to other tried and known, even if threadbare, topics. Also his educational methods included taking her to see plays of pronounced innocuous type, warranted not to agitate an unused brain cell.

After a month or so Adriane grew restless and a bit suspicious regarding Jimmy's motives. Only the memory of that electric moment she had lived with him made her keep her patience with him.

But she did refuse to witness another sweet Cinderella drama with him. And Jimmy, wise within his bounds, consented to procuring tickets for the play "Another's Cloak," a radical, high-strung thing exploiting some dangerous Nietzsche doctrine. Jimmy depended on Adriane's innate good sense to draw contrasts between the safe and known beauties of life and the feverish strivings after upsetting changes.

But this phenomenon didn't occur. Never had Adriane seemed so beautiful, so magnetic as when, entranced, she watched the movement of the play.

overhead, and Bill looked like a corpse even before they sprung the switch.

"Just before the cap went over his head he looked around at us all. It was the hungriest sort of clutchin' look you'd ever seen, Mike."

"It—it was his last look, Larry. You can't blame a man for makin' that kinda lingerin' like."

"You sure can't, Mike. Then he started to talk again."

"I didn't do it," he said. "Cambridgey an' me was friends, and I told him about Marie, and he give 'em to me for her. There was lots of other stuff I could have stole if that was what I wanted. But I didn't do it. I—"

"That's all he got to say, Mike. A sort of smart Aleck young chap there who gets paid \$50 for doin' it was over by the wall, and he threw on the switch. Little 'lectric lights went on all over the chair. And Bill just stiffened up and bucked against the straps. His body made a queer little hummin' sound, like you could hear when you were a kid and listened against a telegraph post."

"The round black cap has a hole in the top of it, Mike. And when they switched on the juice a little white puff of smoke curled up out of it. It smelled like burning hair. Mike—like—Bill's hair!"

"He had nice hair," said McCafferty in a queer, tant voice. "A good Irish red, with lots of little gold gleams in it."

"It was clipped close up there, Mike. Then the girl asked for a lock of it, and it was all burned up, of course, and the warden had to hunt up another guy with fairly long red hair and get a lock of it. She thinks it's Bill's. Funny, ain't it?"

"It's all that! The whole thing looks mighty strange to me."

"Bill made an awful fight to live. He was still alive after the first minute and a half. Not conscious, of course, but with his heart beating. The doc told me afterward that that was the way lots of times."

"They've got their hearts set on livin'," he says. "Their whole soul wants to hang on. And they darn near accomplish a merricle by beatin' out 30,000 volta."

"They were sawin' off the top of his head afterward. Some of the reporters went in to look at that, but I'd had enough. I just beat it out of there and hopped the first rattler. I never want to look inside of them gray walls again. When I take a poor devil of a lifer or condemned murderer up there again I'll just deliver him and the commitment papers at the office and run like hell."

* * *

I WISH Bill had a better mouthpiece, Larry. A good lawyer might have made a harder fight. It's hell when all the money in the state is bein' used against you, and you haven't the price of a good defense. If Bill only had a million he'd never have seen the chair."

"Guys with a million don't, Mike. They've got appeals and writs of certiorari and stays of execution and all that. But a poor man isn't monkeyed along with that way."

"Seems to me it wasn't an awful loss to have old Cambridgey out of the way,

other. A man that's fool enough to fill his house with old spears and flags and armor and chairs that Queen Elizabeth sat on or plates some other dead muck-mucky ate off of ain't exactly an asset to the community."

"I never saw such a nut place," agreed McGraw. "Carved Chinese idols and

heads around the edges of it, all with little tongues stickin' out."

"Them devil heads are real silver, too," said the captain. "There's a silver plate on it that says something in Spanish about being from the Duke of Anza to the Bishop of Lima, with a lot of flowery stuff about highest regard and humble devotion. It's a queer thing to give a churchman for his library, all decorated up that way with those devil heads."

"On top of the little table is a saint,

McGraw sprang back with a startled curse.



though," objected Larry. "A lot of inlaid silver strips go from him in the shape of zigzag lightning, or whatever it is, and fastens up with the devils. I guess it means the saint is knockin' 'em off their nut or something."

"I guess so," assented McCafferty. "Queer how with a lot of knick-knacks worth a fortune in there, and Bill an' the girl so poor, that Bill didn't take something more than that little string of emeralds. I guess they was only worth a couple of hundred bucka."

* * *

HE PROBABLY was rattled," said Larry. "Bill certainly wasn't no professional crook, and seein' the old man lyin' there that way he must have just grabbed the first thing at hand and beat it."

The captain shook his head.

"Not on your life," he said decisively. "He took time to clean things up thor-

oughly. There was no blood anywhere except on the old man's body and on a couple of those little devil heads, where he must have struck in falling. There wasn't no blood around the room or on the knife that Bill did the job with. That's the queerest part of it. He must have deliberately washed it up and hung it back in its place in that freak not-work."

"Guess you're right, Mike. After stickin' the old boy he must have took his time. If I'd gone that far I'll bet no little emerald necklace would ha' stopped me. I'd a cleaned up right!"

"Might as well. If you're crooked at all, be a heavy-weight, say I. That's why I haven't fiddled around with a lot of tinhorn lid-tilting bribes. But poor Bill just grabbed the emeralds."

"And went to the chair for 'em!"

They smoked on until the little room was blue and stuffy with the fumes.

"I'm kind of logey after a turkey feed, Larry," grunted McCafferty. "Let's stroll down the street."

"Sure thing," assented the other. "And if you've still got the keys, let's butt in on the old Cambridgey place. There won't be nobody around today, and I'd like to take another slant at the place that meased things up so much for Bill and the little girl."

* * * * *

The murdered curio dealer's home and place of business was an old-fashioned turreted structure of rusty red brick, set a little back from the street. The uniformed police captain and his companion occasioned no comment as they swung in through the creaking iron gate. Policemen had been coming and going around that weird old house for months together.

They stood for a moment in the long, dusty hall before venturing on through the heavy velvet portieres. Their footsteps echoed hollowly and rang through the great empty rooms. Then they emerged into the scene of the killing. Leering infidel gods and weird Congo fetishes

leered at them. Dust was thick upon the quaintly fashioned chairs and grotesque images. On the walls, gleaming through the dust, were the scores of polished blades from among which Bill Kennon had selected the weapon for his deed.

The two men stood there in the oppressive silence, staring at the war flags of different nations and the shields and armor of many centuries. Over in the corner, supported on thick legs carved in spiral columns, stood the ancient Spanish table. From its center—a conventional bas-relief depicting a halo-surrounded saint—little zigzag bands of inlaid silver carried out to the devil heads on the edge.

These were of the gargoyle variety, with pointed chins and leering grins. Their tongues projected, emblematic of the hate the fiends must have cherished for the good Bishop of Lima.

McCafferty stared at the image.

"What saint do you reckon it is now, Mike?" he queried.

"Dunno," responded McCafferty. "Some Spanish saint, like as not, that poor old Father McGinnis, God rest him, mayn't never have mentioned. But he sure must have been a dynamo for thunderbolts!"

He followed one of the silver bands radiating from the center, pressing it with a thick finger. It seemed to deflect

ing that he cease his folly and tell them how the situation stood.

"So," the judge continued easily, "I hunted up Dr. Hamilton and took him back to Helen's apartment. We found her preparing to lie down for a rest. Really she did not act like a prospective eloper at all. We brought up the subject of marriage, the obligations of young persons to society and future generations, their friends, etc., and other items associated in the popular mind with the plans of two young people to settle down and attempt mutual happiness, and, I must say, the discussion brought about considerable results."

"Ah—they got cold feet!" exclaimed John, much relieved.

"Then they've reconsidered?" asked Theodore.

"To both of you I shall have to answer 'No,'" the judge replied. "The discussion promised to be a long one, with considerable ground to be gone over again, so I had them come along with me, only in another car, since, when folks are young and of opposite sex, the rule of 'two's company and three's a crowd' still prevails."

"They followed you?" asked Theodore. "Then where are they now?"

"In the house there. They must have arrived about the time I got out here into the garden."

"What! They have come here, into this house? By what right did you invite them to return here? What are they doing here?" John fired his questions indignantly, and would not have waited for an answer to any one of them had not Theodore interposed as he made for the house with apparent intention of ordering the young people off the premises.

"Don't be hasty, John!" Theodore urged. "Wait; give the judge time to explain."

"There is nothing more to explain," said the judge. "That's the whole story—the detective's and mine. They are inside there still discussing the marriage problem with its various theoretical and sociological ramifications. We mustn't talk too loudly or we will interrupt them."

"But have they changed their minds?" Lucy begged.

"No," the judge returned with finality. "They have not changed their minds. The more they talk about the subject the more convinced they are that marriage as now conducted is all wrong. I have never known people to argue so long about one topic and never run out of material with which to convince each other that they were right in the first place."

"I'll put a stop to it. I will not have such a disgraceful conference in my drawing-room." John again made for the door, this time with the determination that Theodore hesitated to hold out against.

The judge, however, was equal to the emergency. He placed himself on the steps, in John's path, and raised his hand.

* * *

STOP!" he commanded. "You may go in there if you wish, and, as you say, put a stop to it. It's your own house. But will you make matters any better? These two people have decided that marriage is a hypocrisy as we know it. They have decided that it is only with love that God joins two souls together, and that the sanction of a mere scrap of paper with a big gilt seal on it is not at all necessary to substantiate the decree and good offices of God Himself. They believe that their union will be more holy than that into which you are forcing lit-

tle Jean, who is, of course, an old-fashioned girl, with no other possibilities ahead of her than marriage, and who is willing to be sacrificed by you. But Helen is a new kind of woman—a woman with a brain so well equipped that it is able to support her independence of just such men as you and Theodore and I. You are facing now what all society is bound to face, sooner or later, unless we men improve things—a strike of the new womanhood against marriage. Unless society wakes up and reforms its marriage rules, marriage as an earthly institution is doomed. What are you going to do about it? Can you stop it by bullying a woman and browbeating the man she

"But, Uncle Everett, I protest; I do not believe—"

"That is just the trouble. You do not believe. Of course you can't. So you will have to simulate belief. The end will justify the means, and you can have the comfort of thinking that even if you don't believe it, it's nevertheless true. We must admit to them that we have decided after all that marriage has numerous drawbacks. Then they will at once see its advantages. They are in an argumentative state of mind, and will be suspicious of whatever conclusions we, whose ideas they despise, arrive at. If we show that we, too, are skeptical of marriage, they will begin to think it must

us. When we are willing to let them go away together they will suspect that, since we are only able to judge by our own narrow beliefs, there must be something wrong about anything we would agree to. When they are brought to the stage of arguing against us, we will find a way to reach a compromise. You know, in this state, it is not necessary to have a marriage license in advance of the ceremony to validate it. It's just a matter of a fine for neglect of one of the amenities of the law. Just remember that."

Before the judge could finish his explanation of what he contemplated, Helen, Theodore and Dr. Hamilton appeared on the terrace. John held out his arms to Helen.

"My sister, you were right; I was wrong. Will you forgive me?"

Helen stopped short, looking about her, first at her brother, then at Lucy and the judge. In the faces of all she read the sign of approval, and apparently the sort of greeting a young woman might expect from relatives who had gathered to approve the young man whom she had chosen to be her mate for life. The judge reassured her.

"We have talked it over as much as you have, Helen. John always said he was open to argument. He opened wide this time. Let him embrace you."

Dr. Hamilton, however, was not so easily convinced. He placed himself in the center of the group and faced them all.

"I do not understand," he exclaimed. "An hour ago you all—every one of you—were ready to suspect only the most sordid things of us. You sent a private detective to follow us. You evidently thought we were common—as licentious as you narrow, evil minded married folks. You thought we had gone to follow a path such as private detectives usually are hired to follow. You forgot we had asked for a week to announce our plans. You ordered us off this property.

We had to obey, that was all. Your subsequent actions, your suspicions, your expectations further convinced us that the married state is merely a state of fleshly harter, with no room for the entry and harboring of true love."

"That is all agreed, my dear doctor," the judge replied suavely, hastily interrupting the stormy reply that was framing itself on John's lips. "Theodore, John and Lucy all have agreed that marriage is a state unworthy of a woman of Helen's high mindedness and serious purpose and of your philosophical understandings. We are ready to help you establish a new principle—the principle of love in its antagonism to the state of marriage. We are ready to accept the verdict of Helen and you, Dr. Hamilton, upon your own righteousness rather than that of the state."

Helen turned to Ernest and held out her hand, tears playing lambently in her eyes. Dr. Hamilton took her hand, but his demeanor plainly expressed his inability to grasp the new aspect of the situation. In the silence that followed Helen, catching sight of Jean and Rex coming down the path toward the garden, could not accept the sudden surrender of the family without a further protest.

"It will be all right with us—but how about my sister Jean—she is still to be forced upon a man she does not like. Your abolution of me is not comprehensive enough."

The judge and Theodore were, for the



But Helen, startled at first when she comprehended, was not indignant.

loves? Why, you and Theodore, yes, and I myself—we are just funny little cowards, afraid of life, afraid of truth, afraid of love without we've paid \$2 for a license to have it. We worship lies when they are written down with a seal, so we can call them the edict of God."

"All right—all right!" interrupted John, without, however, attempting to pass the judge. "Maybe it all ought to be changed, but we can't change the world's notions about marriage and proverty and all that over night just to suit Helen. Maybe you know something to do about it?"

"If you will listen to me, obey my suggestions without question, I will find the lesser of two evils and straighten out the muddle."

"How?" they all asked with one breath.

"Easily, with a little diplomacy. Just by playing on human nature. But, first, you must all promise to follow my advice." They all nodded, quick to assent until, at least, they knew the judge's plan. "Then you, John, must humbly admit to Helen that she is right—that she does not have to marry; and you, Theodore, must admit to her that, with all the best intentions in the world, the church has made a muddle of monogamy."

be all right. If we still deny it has any drawbacks, they will see only each other and stand by their beliefs. In the end, of course, marriage must adjust itself to the new woman. But we, frankly, are too cowardly to let any of our own new women set themselves up as an example. We must adjust them to the old-established custom. In other words, you can't pull an unwilling dog into the house; let him alone, though, and he'll follow you in, licking your heels."

* * *

BUT that will be a bargaining with our conscience—" began Theodore, when the judge abruptly interrupted him.

"What we can't get by right we'll have to bargain for. You have talked enough, Theodore. Go into the house and ask Helen and the doctor to come out and receive John's blessing upon their contemplated union and its plan. Tell her we've all seen the error of our ways."

Theodore turned helplessly to John. The latter admitted his own defeat.

"We'll try anything; I'm willing—do as the judge says," John grumbled.

When Theodore had entered the house the judge explained his plan. Despite John's antagonism, he pledged John and Lucy to help him.

"We must keep them arguing against

slightly, showing a clear rim of ebony on either side.

"Kinda loose," he began. "I guess—"

Then something clicked, abruptly, within. The projecting tongue of one of the grinning demons snapped out sharply, twelve glistening inches of the most fragile Toledo steel.

McGraw sprang back with a startled

curse. The end had just grazed his hand. The second click ensued so speedily after the first one that they seemed almost simultaneous. All that remained to be seen was the leering devil, grinning as before, the tip of his tongue projecting.

Captain Mike McCafferty's face was a queer mottled gray, and his breath whistled audibly as it was expelled from his

thick chest. McGraw stared, fascinated, at the tiny line across the back of his hand from which the blood was beginning to trickle.

"Good Gawd!" muttered the captain hoarsely. "Good Gawd!"

He stared stupidly at the ancient Spanish engine of death and then back at the detective.

"Do you reckon Bill's spirit could be here now, Larry?" he asked slowly.

McGraw shook his head.

"Dunno," he muttered. Then he broke into shrill, hysterical laughter. "If Bill comes back," he said, "I'll bet he'll tip it off to the little girl that that isn't his lock of hair!"

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WHY MARRY?

Written by H. L. Gates from the play

By Jesse Lynch Williams

Illustrated by F. McAnelly



Jean tried to be brave, but broke down.

"Oh, you've been so unfair," she said to John, "to train me for nothing but this—marriage with a man who has money. I must either marry the man I do not love or live on the bounty of a disapproving brother—or not live at all. Oh, how I envy Helen her independence! If I only had her chance to do as she wishes, despite all the money in the world!"

Before John could reply, Rex himself came into the garden. As John turned to go, Rex, with a sudden passion, took Jean in his arms and kissed her fervently again and again.

Jean, surprised, could not repel him. She struggled indignantly, however, until, when Rex had satisfied himself from her lips, she broke away from him.

"Ugh! How could you do such a thing?" she demanded, rubbing her cheek where his kisses had strayed.

"Because I love you, Jean; love you with my whole heart, and I want you," Rex replied simply.

Jean shuddered. She turned defiantly upon Rex and was about to order him to leave her, but she stopped with her dismissal unframed by her lips. She looked into his eager, admiring eyes; saw the sincerity with which they played, hungrily, about her own. Half turning her back upon him, she said softly:

"I have told you, Rex, I love another man. I have told you that he has kissed me, even as you kissed me now. Only when he kissed me I gave myself willingly to his caress; I surrendered my lips joyfully, and for each kiss from him I returned another just as warm. I have let his arms remain around me; I have nestled as close to him as I could creep under his arms—"

"Do you mean that you—has he the right—tell me!" Rex cried, incoherent in his sudden passion of jealous doubts; "tell me what you mean—quick!"

♦ ♦ ♦

Jean turned full upon him and answered quietly, but with intense meaning:

"Oh, I've merely been handled, Rex; not hurt, I assure you. I have been sentimental in the moonlight and in conservatories at parties, but never forgetful. I'm slightly shop-worn, but just as good as new."

Rex, unable to conceal his great relief nor the pleading in his heart, stepped close to her, controlling his arms with an effort:

"Why do you say such things to me, Jean; such horrible, unnecessary things?"

"Because," answered Jean, still without show of emotion, "yesterday I did you a great unkindness. I deserve to suffer for it. You don't think I like to talk that way about myself, do you? I am punishing myself for tricking you into a proposal of marriage when I did not love you."

"I have never heard a nice girl," Rex said, puzzled at this new exposition of feminine whims, "talk like that before."

"Naturally not," Jean agreed. "Usually 'nice' girls hide such things. It's an instinct in women—to keep their value. Often I've had thoughts and feelings which 'nice' girls of your artificial ideal are supposed never to have at all. Per-

fectly natural, too, in girls of my sort. We have so little to occupy our minds except 'men.' To have a useful, absorbing occupation—that rubs off the bloom and lowers our price in the market. You must admit that."

Rex could stand the cynicism of the situation no longer.

"Stop it, Jean; stop it!" he cried. "You do not need to rake yourself over the coals. If you are not going to marry me, say so, but—"

♦ ♦ ♦

If John and Lucy could have been witnesses to the scene and overheard Jean's interruption at this moment of Rex's appeal for a final answer from Jean, their hearts would have been glad.

"But that is just what I am going to do, Rex," Jean interposed with intense directness. "I am not going to be a dependent old maid. I have just wanted you to know what you are getting for your money—I'm honest; most girls are not. Do you want me?"

Rex was bewildered, aghast for a moment, but when he comprehended that Jean was giving herself to him he could sense nothing else in her surrender. He clasped her to him, passionately, and kissed her triumphantly. His self-assertiveness, his confidence, returned to him and bounded up the steps. Theodore, thus frustrated, turned upon John.

"You have won. Jean has been bullied into selling herself to Rex."

"Good! That's fine!" John exclaimed.

"She's made a better bargain than if she had given herself for love alone. She'll have a better time out of life."

"I am not convinced," Theodore returned, "that her union would be more moral than that proposed by her sister Helen. Until I am convinced I shall not perform the ceremony."

What might have been John's rejoinder to Theodore's announcement that he was more firmly decided than ever not to marry Jean and Rex unless there was a sign of the kind of love that endures to link their souls as well as those considerations which might make their match desirable to each other and Jean's family was interrupted by the arrival of the judge, who, out of breath, hurried into the garden, calling for John. Lucy, who had met him at the door when he drove up in his car, followed in his footsteps, excited by his haste and impatient to know what had been the result of his pursuit of Helen and Dr. Hamilton.

"Wait—wait until I get my breath," the judge pleaded to Lucy and John's impatience as he threw himself onto the garden bench and fanned himself with his motor cap.

♦ ♦ ♦

J OHN saw disappointment for his plans in the judge's playing for time to make his report.

"I know; you needn't say a word," he said dejectedly. "My detective couldn't find them. They've got away. They've taken a train!"

"But didn't you see them? Didn't they listen to you?" Lucy cried, too eager for news to take into account the judge's apparent exhaustion from what seemed to have been a strenuous drive.

The judge answered both questions with a nod. Then, seeing that rest to get his breath was out of the question, he raised his hand, mutely promising an explanation as soon as he could speak coherently.

Lucy and John, and even Theodore, clustered about him with something of

the eagerness of school children waiting to hear from their teacher whether a tomorrow was to be a holiday.

"First, let me tell you, John, about your detective, and what he saw. He followed them direct to Helen's apartment."

John and Lucy could not restrain themselves.

"They dared to go to her apartments?" John exclaimed.

"She took him to her rooms?" said Lucy, horrified.

"Yes, she took him straight to her rooms—not his," the judge continued. "But you will be disappointed in the detective's report. I was, I must admit."

"Did they throw him off the track? Did they escape through a back door? Have they really gone? For heaven's sake, man, tell us—don't beat about the bush!" John wanted the worst news rather than preliminary details.

"Just wait," the judge urged smoothly. "The detective followed me after he had followed them. He reported to me in town. He was disgusted with the results of his own labors. These private detectives expect so much, you know, especially from unmarried people. Really they are cynics of the most degraded type."

"Let's not have a sermon. Uncle Everett," Lucy interrupted; "leave that for Cousin Theodore."

♦ ♦ ♦

ALL he reported," the judge continued, not heeding Lucy, "was that when they reached Helen's apartment Dr. Hamilton, instead of entering, merely raised his hat and, just as if he and Helen were engaged, or as if he were handing her home from a dance or something like that, he said 'Good afternoon,' and went away. It was dreadfully common, the detective said. He was gravely disturbed at the paucity of his details."

"He left her—at the door!" It was Theodore who, apparently, was after all the most relieved.

John, however, was not satisfied.

"Then what? There was something more, I'll wager!" he insisted.

"No, John; nothing more. He did not even kiss her good-by, such as you or I would have done in the days when we were as young as Dr. Hamilton and had just declared an intention to elope with a pretty girl. He merely raised his hat, bowed low, held her hand for a moment, and walked away. She closed the door very easily, and the detective could see nothing more."

"You are holding something back; I can see it," said John suspiciously.

"Only until I come to it in sequence," the judge assured his auditors.

"Then tell us the worst—quick!" cried Lucy.

"The worst really did not happen. When I received the detective's report I was sure there was no further need for his services. The elopement, it seemed, was temporarily postponed. With such a barrier as an apartment door separating Helen from the man she said she wanted to run away with but not marry, why what could a detective find to appease his curiosity? So I decided to bring them together myself and be my own witness to their behavior in each other's company. I knew you would want some sort of an account more interesting than that of your sleuth."

John, Theodore and Lucy were exasperated by the judge's cool cynicism. They crowded about him again, demand-